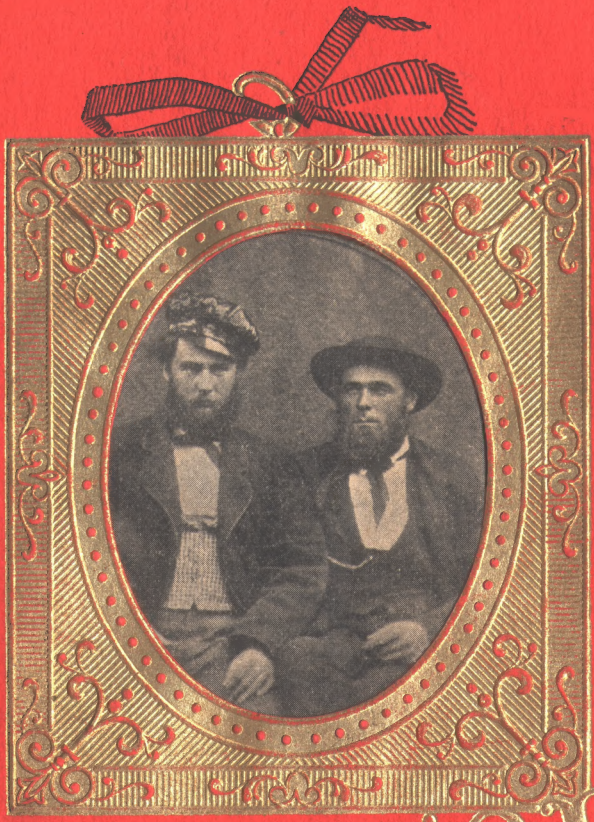

# CAPE COD LEGENDS

*Captain Horatio S. Kelly, master of the famous ship "Eagle Wing." The young man with him is an unknown passenger. Captain Kelly was only twenty years old at this time and already master of his own ship.*

# Cape Cod Legends

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CAPE COD ADVANCEMENT PLAN, HYANNIS, MASS.
Harry V. Lawrence, Falmouth, *Chairman*

# *Foreword*

YARNS of clipper ships and deep-sea captains, tales of quaint ancestors whose pictures hang in Cape Cod's beautiful homes, stories of cherished heirlooms, and fanciful legends of this lore-filled land — how many summer visitors, long enchanted by Cape Cod's unique charm, have longed to hear them?

Well, here they are!

The old sea captains are a vanishing race; only phantom ships, with ghostly sails, are seen offshore today. Grave eyed Pilgrims have long been at rest under tumbling headstones in ancient Cape graveyards. But the romantic days of the long-ago Cape, and the picturesque ways of its long-ago people, still live, handed down through tale and legend from generation to generation.

In a search last year for some of the treasures of this past, the Cape Cod Chamber of Commerce offered a number of cash prizes for the best historical data, legends, stories, anecdotes, and photographs concerning Cape Cod. Preference was given to unpublished material and most of the stories and photographs in this booklet have never before been printed.

From dusty attics, from great-grandfather's sea chest, from old, old desks and trunks, from plush covered albums, the yellowed documents, diaries, old letters and daguerreotypes poured in. So fascinating and so remarkably true of the early Cape and its people was this wealth of material that it was decided to compile a small part of it in permanent form and present it to those who do love or would love this beautiful land.

So let the years roll back and let us introduce to you Uncle 'Riah, "who was as honest as the noon-day mark on the kitchen floor"; to "Dear Aunt Katy Sears," who was adored by her seven little great nieces; to the Captain's wife who pickled her dead baby in brine, and to Captain Sylvanus Simmons who fought South Sea savages with boiling water. Meet the heroes of a Cape Cod ice pack, and the brave men of Brewster who defied a British frigate in the War of 1812.

Listen to the old salts who so loved the sea that, when too aged to sail it, they drew world maps on the Cape Cod sand and traced latitude and longitude of imaginary ships in China seas; then visualize these same old salts as young sea captains crowding sail to outrace British tea clippers, making records on the high seas that have never yet been equalled, returning home with rich cargoes — or sometimes not returning home at all.

Read between the lines in the old records of the meetings of The Ladies Circle of Orleans, all wives of Cape Cod sea-faring men: April 19, 1872: "We are glad to see spring come and winter go, but we wish it would not take our husbands with it." Then chuckle later when they argue about the way to stitch a quilt and "majority did not rule so we Briar-stitched it."

Most of these manuscripts have not been edited, but are reproduced here as submitted, so the descendants of these intriguing folks relate to you in their own language, stories as they have come down to them.

Not only to people familiar with the Cape will these tales and legends appeal, but to the thousands who have yet to know it, "Cape Cod Legends" will act as an invitation to come and enjoy this wave-washed land, its history, legendry and lore.

Here are sweet villages, quiet and serene. Here are cool days and nights when half the world is parched with blistering heat, yet strangely, here are warm blue seas, ruffled with white breakers. Silver sailboats skim the water like butterflies. Sun-drenched beaches, soft and white. Fluted scallop shells. Sea gulls drawing graceful lines against the sky. Sweet, flower-bordered lanes that ramble crookedly past grey stone walls over which climb

*"Wild roses, flavored by the sea*
*And coloured by the salt winds and the sun."*

Silver coves where slender spars of ships are etched against a sunset sky. Old wharves. Weatherbeaten fishing boats and seamen in sou'westers. Nets. Trawls. Anchors. Buoys. A glimpse of that pictorial character, the clam digger, who seeks his treasures in the mud when the tide has gone, and rows home through tidal meadows, singing his strange song—

*"My dory and I and the tide and the sky*
*Know things that the world knows not."*

Here are enchanting Cape villages with green and white Colonial homes and exquisite fan-light doorways and grey Cape Cod cottages, arched by wine-glass elms and always hollyhocks and bright gardens looking out to the sea.

All these lovely pictures of the sea and land are yours if you come to Cape Cod!

If your desire is for more active pleasures, the Cape provides these too. You can sail your boats in placid harbors or race the wind on the open sea. You can fish in quiet ponds or broad lakes or throw your line out where the surf runs. There are long horse-back trails through pine-scented woods, and scenic drives over smooth state roads. There are dozens of splendid golf courses overlooking fair harbors. Expensive and permanent mosquito control so you may enjoy evenings out of doors.

Beautiful hotels, quaint inns and pleasant camps are here to welcome you; and if you want your own domicile, there are charming little furnished cottages or beautiful homes for lease or sale. You may have your sea food freshly caught and freshly cooked, as well as other delectable New England dishes; apple tarts with a sprinkling of dry geranium leaf (a Cape Cod secret) luscious blueberry pies with crimps in the crust, cakeseed cookies, big, steaming clam pies.

And if you like it all well enough to stay here, as many do, we will build a beautiful home for you by the sea, only two hours from Boston. It is always lovely here, warm and mild in winter, cool through all the torrid days. Entrancing in early spring, when pink apple blossoms bloom against grey Cape cottages, in May when lilacs are lavender against old doorways, in June when roses climb over the white picket fences, in July when pink hollyhocks look on the blue of the ocean, or in the fall when the famous Cape cranberry marshes are crimson and gold.

We should like to give you further details about our beautiful vacation land. If you will write to me, I will be glad to help you find pleasant accommodations in any of our lovely towns and villages. We hope you will like "Cape Cod Legends" and that you will come here this summer.

ELISABETH SHOEMAKER, *Editor*
Hyannis, Massachusetts.

# CONTENTS


PAGE NO.

THE VERY EARLY TIMES
- Two Forgotten Graves—Roosevelt Ancestors ..... 7
- Steel Helmets and Steeple Hats ..... 9
- Death Warrant of a Pirate ..... 9
- Complaint of Fishermen ..... 10

REVOLUTIONARY WAR
- From an Old Cape Cod Diary ..... 13

PICTURES OF THE PAST
- The Ladies Circle of Orleans ..... 15
- Recollection of a Lady at Ninety ..... 17
- "The Wolf Dead" ..... 20
- The "Widow's Third" ..... 21
- Cape Cod Dialect ..... 21
- The Captured Pickerel ..... 22
- Provincetown and Petrified Fish ..... 23

WAR OF 1812
- Sugar Pumpkins and Feather Beds ..... 25
- The British Note to Brewster ..... 26
- "A Bar'l of Merlarses" ..... 27

SEA STORIES
- Skippers Spin Strange Stories ..... 28
  - A Battle with Savages ..... 29
  - Yo! Ho! The Jolly Roger! ..... 30
  - The Old Man's Story ..... 30
  - Oil on the Waters ..... 34
  - An Official Letter ..... 35

ANCIENT ROOFTREES
- The Peddler Who Bought a Town ..... 36

QUAINT CAPE CHARACTERS
- "Dear Aunt Katy Sears" ..... 39
- "Uncle 'Riah" ..... 40
- Barney Gould of Cape Cod ..... 41
- The Lake of the Golden Cross ..... 41

ANECDOTES
- The Pickled Baby ..... 42
- The Eastham Mouse ..... 42
- President Cleveland's Fish Story ..... 43

*Cape Cod's front lawn — three thousand miles of warm, blue sea completely surrounds this beautiful vacation land.*

# Cape Cod Legends

## THE VERY EARLY TIMES

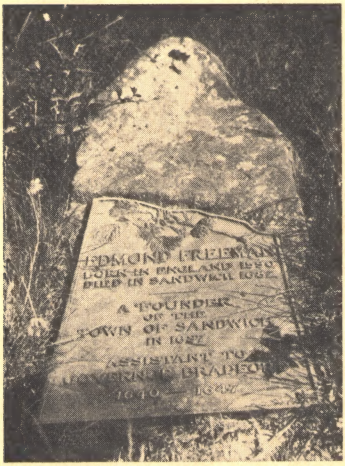
### *Two Forgotten Graves—Just Ancestors of President Roosevelt*

FAR from the roadside, among the green grasses, and tall pine trees, on a hilltop outside of Sandwich, Cape Cod, are two of the oldest graves on the Cape, those of Edmond Freeman and his wife Elizabeth. For years they have been unnoticed until an essay submitted in the Cape Cod contest for unpublished historical material, revealed that those two forgotten graves are those of Cape Cod ancestors of President Franklin D. Roosevelt.

But Cape Cod has other and greater claims to President Roosevelt for he had not one — but *eleven* ancestors on the "Mayfloure" which first landed at Provincetown. The authority is Alvin Page Johnson of Swampscott, Massachusetts, member of the New England Historical Genealogical Society whose research traced these and other facts concerning the Roosevelt line.

Before America was a country, the Roosevelt ancestors were leaders. Six of his eleven "Mayfloure" ancestors were among the forty-one persons signing the famous "Compact," America's first Constitution. This was the document drawn up by the "Mayfloure" passengers before they set foot on land "for our better ordering and preservation — to enacte, constitute, and frame such just and equall lawes as shall be thought most meete and convenient." Three hundred years later, a descendant of these six men was head of a nation of more than a hundred million people.

Roosevelt's father was descended from John Tilley and his wife, their daughter Elizabeth and John Howland, all "Mayfloure" passengers. Roosevelt's mother is descended from seven passengers: Richard Warren,




*Tombstone of an ancestor of President Roosevelt at Sandwich, the oldest town on Cape Cod. Edmond Freeman and many other Cape Codders are direct ancestors of the President.*

Degory Priest, Francis Cooke, and his son John, and Isaac Allerton, his wife and their daughter Mary.

John Howland, who later was one of those in charge of commerce at Buzzards Bay, Cape Cod, nearly missed getting his signature on the Compact. An accredited early historian tells how during the "Mayfloure" voyage, Howland was washed overboard during a storm, how he caught hold of "ye top saile halliards which hunge over board & rane out at length," how he held "his hould although he was sundrie fadomes under water, till he was hald up * * * and then with a boat hooke & other means got into the ship again."

The "Mayfloure" passengers remained in what is now Provincetown for about a month during which time they had an encounter with the Indians at what is now Eastham, Cape Cod. This is known in American histories as the "First Encounter." Richard Warren, John Tilley and John Howard participated in the encounter.

Edmond Freeman led the settlement in 1637 of Sandwich, the oldest town on the Cape. He was born in England in 1590 and his wife was born there in 1600. When his wife died after many years of peaceful and happy married life at Sandwich, he selected a boulder shaped like a pillion* to mark her grave and another shaped like a saddle that he requested his sons to use on his resting place. These boulders can be still seen at the two graves. Freeman's daughter Mary married Edward Perry and the Roosevelt line came through them.

*Editor's Note: Horses were fitted with both saddles and pillions so that a man and woman could ride the same horse. Horses were very scarce and it was the custom of those who owned them to ride half way to meeting, hitch the horse and walk on, leaving the horse for a neighbor who had walked the first half of the way.

## *Steel Helmets and Steeple Hats*

ONLY on Sundays or special occasions did the Pilgrims wear their broad white collars and silver buckled slippers. Only when officiating at solemn meetings did Governor Bradford and Elder Brewster appear in their steeple hats and long black cloaks.

Such dress, was *not* the fashion for the daily wear of the Pilgrim Fathers, American art to the contrary. Nor were most of the early Pilgrims feeble, white-haired old men with sanctimonious faces.

Pictures in our histories and paintings in our museums are responsible for this misconception. Steeple hats, cuffs, collars and knee-breeches were worn to church. The Pilgrim's everyday dress consisted of sportsman-like jackets, steel helmets, boots of "Oyled leather," and even armour. On their exploratory jaunts they carried cutlasses, broadswords, matchlocks and muskets.

During their stay in Holland they made these purchases believing they were coming to a war-like country. The truth is that they were afterwards a little ashamed at their readiness to believe they would encounter hostility, and deliberately destroyed most of the war-like equipment and apparel. Only a few such costumes have been preserved and these are in museums.

## *Death Warrant of a Pirate*

ELEAZER BUCK was a member of the pirate crew commanded by that handsome reprobate, Captain Thomas Pound, which, in 1689 up and down the Cape, preyed on vessels sailing Massachusetts Bay.

The first boat captured by these pirates was the ketch "Mary" loaded with fish and bound for Salem. A small prize, but the beginning of an exciting, though short, career, for with success these men grew bolder and

more piratical, until they were finally seized, after a battle, by a government boat off Tarpaulin Cove, tried and sentenced to death.

The death warrant of Eleazer is a picturesque document and under date of "Ye 7th of January, 1689" recites that:

"Eleazer Buck Marriner indicted by y^e^ Jurirs for our Sovereign Lord and Lady y^e^ King and Queen upon their oath by three severall Indictm^ts^: viz y^e^ s^d^ Eleazer Buck upon Fryday y^e^ ninth of Aug^st^ 1689 on y^e^ High seas that is to say ab^t^ three Leagues from half way Rock in the Massachusetts Bay upon y^e^ Ketch 'Mary' of Salem, Hellen Chard, Master, and upon y^e^ s^d^ Master and men their Ma^tie^, Leige people w^th^ force and army an assault did make and as a felon and Pyrate w^th^ gun, and sword, did enter and y^e^ s^d^ Ketch w^th^ all her Lading of fish being y^e^ value of sixty pounds, of y^e^ goods and Chattells of their Ma^tie^, Leige people tooke and carryed away * * * "

The second occasion recited was an assault on the Brigateen "Merrimack" in Vineyard Sound, and the third affair stressed in the Warrant finds the pirates again in the Sound "being under a Red flag in defiance of their Ma^ties^ Authority."

Buck pleaded guilty to the first indictment, not guilty to the other two, but the jurors found "y^e^ s^d^ Eleazer Buck guilty of the felony and piracy whereof he stands indicted. As also guilty of y^e^ felony and murther whereof he stands Indicted." The Court ordered Eleazer Buck "to have y^e^ sentence of death pronounced ag^st^ him," but Fate decreed otherwise.

Taken to Boston for the execution of the sentence, the noose was actually around Buck's neck when, by the intervention of prominent Bostonians and the payment of a fine, he and all his companions were saved.

## *Complaint of Fishermen*

THE careful language in the original document that follows is interesting, coming from a group of Cape Cod fishermen who wrote this themselves, without assistance.

Mr. Sam'l Mayo

Sir Salutations premised. These are to inform that we the sub

scribers (Her Majesties Loyal Subjects) being imployed yearly in the fishing trade at Cape Cod have (for the last two years) been very much interrupted and hindered in our imploy by Capt. Robert Carver (Captaine of the Province Sloop of War) and some of his men. The last year he landed himself and came upon us with a considerable number of his men armed and put us by our business (in a hostile manner) threatening to carry us on board his sloop: but inasmuch as he did not so do we bore the affront and made no complaint. But now this Spring as we were upon our usual voyage at Cape Cod, said Carver came again into the harbour and although (as we were informed by one of his own men) order from the governor arrived to him about the middle of the afternoon to sail immediately in quest of a French privateer then upon the coast, yet notwithstanding he tarried in the harbour till near sun rising next morning and about midnight when the tide was up and fish plenty in the creek, we having then a prospect of making our voyages, just as some were shooting and others about to shoot their nets for fish the aforesaid Capt. Carver's lieutenant, one Hubbard, came upon us with a considerable number of men armed with their swords drawn and pistol in hand swearing and cursing at an horrible rate and threatening some of us to shoot us through in a minute if we did not presently leave our business and wait upon them to row them about where they pleased. Whereupon some were forced to leave their fishing and row them about at their pleasure. Others left their nets and boats and fled for their lives as being more afraid of them than they (perhaps) would have been of the French if they had landed among them. At length they took one man from among us (namely William Dyer, Junior) and by force carried him away (as the Lieut. said) for speaking saucily to him the day before. And by this means we have most of us lost our voyages for we had not such another opportunity the whole season. Sir, we think it very hard that when the towns to which we respectively do belong send yearly their full proportion of men on all occasions for Her Majesties service in defence of the Province and we that stay at home are forced to expose ourselves to great difficulties to get money to support the charge of war, should be

thus molested and hindered in our lawful imploy by them that receive pay of the Province to support and defend us therein. And now, Sir, as you are a member of the Honourable House of Representatives and a well wisher to the peace and prosperity of all Her Majesties good subjects we earnestly desire that you would be pleased to lay this our complaint before the General Court and do what in you lies that for the future such abuses may be prevented and you shall thereby greatly oblige your most humble servants.

Sir, there be many of us that can safely and will freely make oath to the truth of all that is above asserted and can say considerable more.

*Elisha Eldred*
*Daniel Smalle*
*Benjamin Smalle*
*Samuell Treat*
*Samuel Eldred*
*Thomas Ridley*
*Ebenezer Doane*
*Francis Smaley*
*Beriah Smith"*

*An authentic "Widow's Walk" on the roof of a home facing the beautiful Village Green at Falmouth, Cape Cod. In an almost forgotten time, the wives of Cape Cod sea captains watched for the first signs of returning ships from such inclosures that were so named because so many ships were lost.*

# REVOLUTIONARY WAR

## *From an Old Cape Cod Diary*

*"1778—January 13: This day I am 26 years old.*

*"November 10th: Been to Plymouth with prisoners. Orders came last night for me to go today as far as Plymouth to guard the prisoners that were cast ashore in the late violent storm at the back of the Cape, in the ship Somerset.*

*"Set out from home and got to Plymouth about daylight. Drove with 250 prisoners. There was, in the whole, about 450 besides about 30 who were drowned in getting ashore. Ship mounted 64 guns."*

So, simply, does a Cape Cod lad describe in his diary his part in an occurrence that entered briefly into the homely routine of his days, and made him an actor in a dramatic historic event.

It was on the Peaked Hill Bars off Highland Light that the British man-o-war "Somerset" met her doom. She was the famous ship whose guns had stormed the heights of Bunker Hill; under this fire, the redcoats had landed for the battle. Beneath her prow as she lay on guard in the Charles River at Boston, Paul Revere had rowed so silently in his petticoat-muffled oars that her sentry remained unaware of his passing. The "Somerset's" duty later had been to harry the ships of the Colonial allies as they appeared on the coast and she often made Provincetown her base.

On November 2, 1778, she went out to capture some French merchant ships then due in Boston. Returning, she fought her way along the coast in the teeth of a terrific northeaster. Making a valiant effort to round the Cape, she was caught in the incoming current of the tide and the many watchers on shore saw her swept to defeat.

Cape Cod men took the crew as prisoners and marched them to Boston.[1] The young man of the diary returned home and continued his record:

*"November 26th: Snow up to my breast. Barn full of snow and entry in the house full of snow.*

*"December 30th: Thanksgiving Day ordered by Congress but none of us have been to meeting*[2]*. High tide took great quantities of hay from Great Marshes. During this storm a Privateer for Boston cast ashore off Plymouth and 60 men drowned, some from Sandwich and Barnstable. Said to be the highest tide for 50 years.*

*"1779 — January 1st: It was found out that 365 hay stacks were swept ashore from Great Marshes during the great storm. Some work to get hay from among the ice.*

*"January 13th: I am 27 years old today.*

*"January 25th: Swindling flax; morticing posts; cutting wood.*

*"February 15: Fire. A squaw left two children in the house and both burnt up.*

*"February 23rd: Blackbirds made their appearance. Simon Jones sells corn at the moderate price of 13 and 14 dollars per bushel.*

*"February 26th: Left off chewing tobacco.*

*"February 28th: Mildest February ever known by the oldest living man. Saw grasshoppers. So warm. Robins plenty. Sowed tobacco seed and rye.*

*"April 3rd: Heavy cannon off Falmouth. Ten armed vessels manned with Tories. People stood it out in intrenchments amid incessant firing.*

*"April 12th: Cows sold at $200 each. Molasses for $8 per gallon."*

---

[1]The "Somerset" lay on the Cape Cod beach and for a hundred and eight years the sands drifted over her, covered her, and she was forgotten. In 1866 time and erosion revealed her blackened bones, but coastal changes soon buried her again and today somewhere, under the white sands of Truro, she lies enshrouded awaiting her next unveiling.

[2]During the Revolutionary War, the Continental Congress appointed, at various times, days upon which the people of all the nation should give thanks to God for some important victory. It is undoubtedly to one of such days that this reference is made. Even the real Thanksgiving was variable until 1864.

# PICTURES OF THE PAST

## *The Ladies Circle of Orleans*

"GENTLEMEN were present for the first time at the meetings of the Ladies Circle and, as a consequence, the conversation was unusually animated and the evening passed rapidly."

So ran the record of the Minutes of an evening meeting in 1843 of the Ladies Sewing Circle of the Universal Church of Christ at Orleans on Cape Cod. For one hundred consecutive years 1834-1934, this church has kept its doors unlocked and held its services, a record of which its parishioners are very proud. In 1841 the Female Samaritan Society of the ladies of the Parish was formed; in 1857 the group became The Ladies Circle.

Records of its meetings were faithfully kept and to their fortunate preservation, we owe the picture of the activities of such an organization of that day, with regard to its own affairs and as it touched the larger events of the outside world.

Perhaps the most poignant entry of all is that of April 19, 1872:

"Winter has taken leave of us. We shall not pine over its absence for it turned an unusually cold shoulder on those it came amongst. But we wish when it goes off it would not carry our men folks too. But now that the mild weather is coming we must consent to do without them. While their hooks are pulling cod and mackerel, we, with our needles, will be putting garments together for them, and running the domestic mills single-handed."

What stories can be read between the lines of this old book!

To the wives of the men who fished on the Grand Banks, spring was not just a time to start the summer garden. For them it was a time of fear that they would some day look out over the ocean in their front yards, and see a battered fishing boat beating in under flag at half-mast, the sign that some sailor had "gone down on Georges," where the fishing fleet often met King Neptune at his worst and sometimes lost in the lonely fight between them.

*A blue and white Cape Cod cottage with pink roses covering the windows is really a tea room where sea food, Cape Cod blueberries, Cape Cod cranberries and other good things are served.*

But there were other times when fears were stilled, and, as in many meetings held today, differences of opinion arose. One day it was about how a quilt should be finished, and the discussion of this was carefully recorded in the Minutes of January 28, 1873:

"Met and quilted patchwork given by Mrs. Arey. Very near a quarrel among the members as to how the edge should be finished but the majority did not rule, and the minority Briar-stitched it. Voted that each lady be invited to pay ten cents toward buying the quilt of the circle and it be given to the minister's wife, Mrs. Frazer."

Sometimes the Circle voted to repair and improve the church. At one such time, the box pews with their panelled doors, and the fine pulpit with its brass lamps, were removed. "All we can say of the Committee who did this thing," runs the entry, "is that they meant well!"

In 1861 men and women of Orleans, as well as the rest of the country, talked of little but the issues which led to the Civil War. Undoubtedly, at the Town Meeting held May 27, 1861, men of Orleans voted in favor of the "Union at all hazards," for its consequences were soon apparent in the Ladies Circle records which state "A new line of work is begun, making flannel shirts and knitting socks for the soldiers."

"April 17, 1865: Today our nation mourned the loss of a true patriot and noble statesman. The hand of the assassin has removed our Chief Magistrate from the seat of action. But wilt Thou, Father, protect us and impart wisdom to those who may rule, that they deal fairly with us all." Services were held in the church April 19th in memory of President Lincoln.

Sometimes we wish the records were more detailed. We want to know how much Nathaniel Gould made when he collected, in 1846, the money for overdue pew rent "at two per cent"? What did Miss Nancy Young do with the ten dollars she was paid for playing the Seraphim for eight months?

Once they recorded that Samuel L. Rogers was paid $11.50, the money subscribed for singing school. It was noted at that time that the Melodian was not to be taken out of the Church unless hired for a sum not less than one dollar.

## *Recollections of a Lady at Ninety*

Cape Cod people live to be very old, and are very proud of it. If you come to live on the Cape permanently, you will find yourself, in your eighties and nineties, looking and acting a brisk sixty.

So it is not surprising that Mrs. Ophelia Hinckley, of Hyannis, Cape Cod, the lady who spins these memoirs of her childhood days, is bright and active and delightfully entertaining at ninety.

"Life was very different when I was a little girl," she wrote. "All our

cooking, for instance, was done in a large brick oven, so deep that you had to use a long handled shovel and poker to change things about in it. While the oven was heating, mother made her bread, pies and cakes. If she was going to roast meat, that went in first. After the pastry was out, the beans and brown bread and Indian pudding were put in and they baked slowly all day.

"In school we sang the multiplication table instead of reciting it. Backward and forward we sang it, and the chorus was always the same — five times five, and sung to the tune of Yankee Doodle.

"I remember how glad I was when it came time to have the sempstress. Father sent to Boston for his suits, but the boys' clothes had to be made at home. Mother would first shrink and press the cloth for the suits, then Father would get the village tailoress. It was customary for her to arrive at half past six to breakfast.

"One year, one of the boys told the sempstress they wanted three pockets in their pants, one on each side and one on the hip, also three in the jacket.

" 'Go out and get your father,' said the tailoress. When my father came she told him, very disturbed about it, what the boys wanted.

" 'Why, yes,' said my father, 'they told me about the pockets.'

" 'Do you mean, Marshall Hinckley, to say you are going to pay me seventy-five cents a day to sit here and put pockets in for those boys?'

" 'Why yes, if that is what you charge. You know they are not babies any more. They want their clothes made like those you buy.' The boys got their pockets.

"I recall my experience with the tailoress we had when Father brought home our sewing machine. There was only one other in the village. I learned how to run it from the man who brought it. When the tailoress came the next time I watched her and when she got her first seam ready, I told her I would stitch it for her. She looked doubtful. But I insisted. When I took it to her, she tried it in every way to see if it was firm. It passed. She said she never expected to see a machine like that."

*Third Prize, Historical Division.*

*Yarmouthport, Cape Cod, — quiet and cool under summer skies. Such tree shaded streets wind from Buzzards Bay to Provincetown.*

## *"The Wolf Dead"**

For a long time the people of East Sandwich had been at the mercy of a wolf which had terrorized the inhabitants and stolen their animals. It was finally caught, and Zenas Nye, Jr. of East Sandwich who was keeping a journal of daily events, records the story of the wolf's capture in his entry of August 1837:

This 14th day of August, 1837, Mr. George Braley, a farmer in the employ of the Sandwich Glass Company, was fortunate enough to fall in with the wolf which has for sometime made Sandwich woods the place of his residence, and being prepared for such game, having his gun by his side well loaded, being mounted on his load as their manner is to drive, very deliberately shot the voracious animal dead on the spot. By this exploit Mr. Braley has secured to himself the sum of $120 viz. town bounty $85, state bounty $15, wolf sold for $20.

He was about the size of the one killed by Mr. Shore in 1829, weighing seventy pounds.

This wolf had not killed so many sheep in this part of the town as the other, but was making sad work among the sheep, notwithstanding all that has been said and believed concerning the existence of a wolf in our woods, we now have it confirmed by the sense of vision and touch. I have this morning had the satisfaction to handle the monster, for such he proves to be as he is reckoned of those who have seen them to be of gigantic size, and he appeared to stand full four feet in length exclusive of his tail, and two feet four inches in height, weighing seventy pounds. He is of a light brown color, or darkish grey long jaws and short ears standing upright. He was really larger than I expected from what I had seen of his track, he was tall and long-sided. Perhaps it would be no exaggeration to say he has destroyed 3000 sheep in this town within five years past.

Zenas Nye, Jr.

*Third Prize, Historical Division.*

*Extract from Journal of Zenas Nye.

## *The "Widow's Third"*

So faithfully did the commissioners appointed by the Barnstable County Probate Court execute their duties on behalf of Mrs. Cornelius Shaw, the widow of a sea captain who perished at sea, that in probating an inventory of a Truro property which accurately divided a house, barn, and hen house into the customary "widow's third," they actually ran an imaginary line completely through the house. Its course was described in detail.

The document is dated March 10, 1852. The nicest part of its calculation comes at the end which states: "We also set off one third part of the Barn being the western part designated by a cut on the beam, both on the North and South side in a straight line; also one third part of the Hen House & Back House, it being valued as per appraisal at $150.77."

*First Prize, Historical Division.*

## *Cape Cod Dialect*

If you would hear a queer speech, listen to the older Cape people. In lower Cape villages it is still possible to hear "Youmes goin' the wrong way, mister, wemes'l show you the road."

If an old seaman speaks of the "Appletree Fleet," he is referring to the old coasters which plied along the coast, for the saying was that these boats never got out of sight of the orchards along the shore.

To speak of a "barm of fish" meant that the fishing boats returned loaded. If they carried a "load of corkstopples," they had returned empty.

No other grocer but one on the Cape would know that "Porty Reek long lick" meant Porto Rico molasses; or no cook outside the Cape that "Hog's back son of a seacook" for dinner meant boiled salt codfish with pork scraps.

Other queer words and phrases were:

"Codheads"—Knee length boots.
"Tongs"—Long trousers.
"Longlegger"—Hip-length gumboot.
"Harness cask"—A stored up barrel of pork.
"Smurry" or "Yellow eyed sou'wester"—Hazy breeze from the southwest.
"A white horse tumbling in over the taffrail"—Wave coming in over the stern while ship was running before the wind.
"Feather white"—Surface of the ocean when whipped by a heavy gale.
"Puffing Pig"—Porpoise.
"Sunsqualls"—Jelly Fish.
"Scalawag"—Sculpin.
"Squawk"—Marsh heron.
"Housen"—plural for house.
"Portuguese Parliament"—A meeting where everyone is talking and no one listening.

*Third Prize, Historical Division.*

## *The Captured Pickerel**

BENJAMIN DREW, author of the following verses on the delights of fishing in Cape ponds, was a schoolmaster of Brewster. The verses were written in 1842, the same year in which he was married to Caroline Bangs, daughter of Captain Elkanah Bangs, famous sea captain of Brewster. The verses were submitted by Mr. Drew's son, Charles A. Drew, who adds "father lived to be ninety, and was extremely fond of the Cape all his life."

'Twas on Seymour's Pond one morning—one morning in May,
That I floated in a little skiff within a quiet bay,
Red light was on the hill-tops and darkness in the vale,
When I fixed a line for pickerel, for pickerel to trail.

I confess it—I confess it—I had killed a greenish frog
While croaking unsuspectingly to its brethren of the bog.
My spring-hooks bought of Messer were secured to twisted wire
And on these I hooked the morsel to which pickerel aspire.

Around me were the leaves of the yellow water-lilies,
Music reached me from the shore, where a little purling rill is.
The sunbeams kissed the forest, and the breezes kissed the lake—
But what is that?—a pickerel! I knew it by the wake.

Then I flung my baited hook as far—as far as it would go,
For there we use no fishing rods,—no fishing rods, you know.
A dark form followed up the hook as slow I hauled it in,
And I knew it was a pickerel by the twinkle of its fin.

* * * When the pickerel met that evening, that evening in the pads
The scaly sires and grandsires, and the little pickerel lads,
They called the muster over, but one answered not the call,
'Twas the hungriest and the fattest and the biggest of them all!

*Full details on salt and fresh water fishing in all Cape Cod towns will be sent without charge if inquiries are addressed to Cape Cod Chamber of Commerce, Hyannis, Mass.

## *Provincetown and Petrified Fish*

"SKULLY-JO" or Petrified Fish was a Provincetown delicacy for many years. The last of its makers was Cap'n Elisha Smith Newcomb who died in 1933, and with him died skully-jo. A stranger might describe it as "haddock, split, salted and dried," but Cap'n Newcomb would snort in derision at that definition.

"You clean the innards out," said the Cap'n, "an' you cut the head off, and that's all. You don't never bone 'em nor split 'em."

Which sounds as though you ate them raw. But after the preliminary

treatment, they were cured in brine or dry salt, and then hung out to dry in the salt and wind for weeks and weeks. This made them as hard, nearly, as the Rock of Gibraltar. Then you put the petrified fish in your pocket and munched it, off and on, like a stick of hard candy. Or you ate it with a glass of beer, when it would take the place of pretzels. It never seemed to get noticeably smaller, no matter how much you chewed it.

Cap'n Newcomb had customers for it from as far away as New York and many summer visitors, as well as Cape people, were really fond of it.

Though you cannot get skully-jo at Provincetown today, this charming fishing village holds tremendous appeal. Its streets are crooked lanes, and the ocean is at the foot of every one of them. After you see the hollyhocks, the old sea captains' homes, the grey fishing fleet with its graceful nets and spars, and the bright shops, you will agree that

*"A heavenly town is Provincetown*
*Its streets go winding up and down.*
*The air is crisp with briny smells*
*The time is told by chime of bells.*
*The painters sketch each little nook*
*In colors like a children's book.*
*Yellow shutters, windows pink*
*Purple shingles, trees of ink.*
*Front Street, Back Street,*
*Narrow winding lanes,*
*Many colored fishing boats,*
*Sails and nets and seines."*

# WAR OF 1812

## *Sugar Pumpkins and Feather Beds*

CAKES, pies, rich puddings and other tempting dishes with a sugar base, well loved by Cape Cod folks, were absent from their tables during the War of 1812. The British had thrown up a blockade of ships, and no sugar could be procured from the south. So the only way to obtain sweetening was to boil pumpkins down to a thick syrup, and this pseudo sugar, of course, was not very popular.

Cape Codders had other difficulties too. The homes of those living on the coast were excellent targets for the frequent bombardments of British cannon off shore. During one such raid on Falmouth, housewives who highly prized their feather beds removed them from upper chambers to the ground for safety, but no sooner were the beds on the ground than they were hit and destroyed, and for hours afterwards the air was filled with soft white feathers.

During one of the bombardments, a cannon ball tore through the side of a house. The owner immediately put his head out through the opening saying, "Well, they can never strike twice in the same place." Another ball hit the same spot immediately and the owner narrowly escaped. This house was struck eight times, with cannon balls weighing 32 pounds each.

Mr. George E. Burbank, of Sandwich, Cape Cod, who submitted these interesting anecdotes, also writes:

"My grandfather, Samuel Burbank, at that time was a boy of twelve living in Plymouth. He was sent by the Plymouth authorities, to go on horseback to Sandwich to warn the inhabitants of that town that the British were coming into Cape Cod Bay. At Sandwich he was ordered to proceed to Falmouth with the same message. He did so, returning to Plymouth with a voucher from each town to prove he had faithfully discharged these duties.

"All the old pewter plates and spoons that could be spared were melted up and moulded into bullets in preparation for an attack on Barnstable. No one dared to go out in the bay fishing for fear of being captured by the British. But the Lord was good, causing immense schools of mackerel to swim into the inner harbor, furnishing plenty of food."

*A famous rose garden in beautiful Falmouth, Cape Cod.*

## *The British Note to Brewster*

During the War of 1812, there appeared suddenly upon the horizon, off Brewster, Cape Cod, a British frigate. She came to anchor and soon afterwards lowered a boat, which rowed ashore bringing a demand for $3000 in gold. If this amount were not paid within a stated time, said

the note, the British would burn the salt works which were at that time extremely valuable to the townspeople.

At this period Brewster and Harwich, although separated by some miles, comprised one township and the only method of quick communication was by means of cannon. Consequently, when they received the note, the Brewster people fired their cannon. The Harwich people got to Brewster as fast as they could run, and a conference was held. The decision was made to send back word to the frigate that they wouldn't send any gold, but would send plenty of lead!

Taking their guns, the valiant men prepared to "repel boarders." When the boat loads of British soldiers got in close enough to see that solid, unwavering line of rugged Cape Cod men waiting for them, they turned quickly about and rowed hastily to their ship, which immediately got under way and proceeded seaward.

## *"A Bar'l of Merlarses"*

ON BOARD the "Constitution" when she fought the "Guerriere" was a Harwich lad who always claimed that a barrel of molasses saved the day for "Old Ironsides."

So sure was the crew of the "Guerriere" that the fight was theirs, that they placed a barrel of molasses on deck to be made into "switchel" (a mixture of molasses, ginger, rum and water) with which to "treat" the Yankees whom they expected to defeat. "Switchel" was what was known as a "Landlubbers' " drink and to be offered it was a supreme insult to the manhood of a tough Jack tar in 1812.

But good marksmanship raked the deck of the "Guerriere" early in the engagement. By good fortune one of these shots smashed the barrel of molasses. Over the deck the sticky mess ran, and, mixed with blood and water, it made the deck so slippery, it was almost impossible to obtain a foothold and man the ropes of the "Guerriere." This was a serious handicap in maneuvering the ship, and so "Old Ironsides" won the fight "by a bar'l of merlarses."

*Part of manuscript "Harwich Towne of Long Ago."*
*Second Prize, Historical Division.*

# SEA STORIES

## *Skippers Spin Strange Stories*

*"Ships are the nearest thing to dreams that hands have ever made*
*For somewhere deep in their oaken hearts the soul of a song is laid.*
*And never believe that a ship forgets either bonny seas or skies,*
*Or black rocks, or white spume, or the winds that made her wise."*

LOVERS OF SHIPS and the sea who visit Cape Cod, all hope that they may meet a clipper ship captain and have the good fortune to hear him spin his yarns. But deep-sea captains are a vanishing race. Only a few are left of these picturesque characters.

Brave men destined to sail brave ships, they came up from galley and fo'c's'le, from cabin boy and fore-m'st hand to quarterdeck, captain and mate, to find that in the simple pursuance of their daily duties they had signed shipmates with drama and romance.

Romping before rushing trade winds, and racing monsoons, driving scuppers under to outsail pirates, battling hurricanes with their swift clipper ships, or pacing the decks of slow East Indiamen, they wove across the seas their fantastic patterns of

*Despite his youthful appearance, the subject of this very old daguerreotype was master of a famous ship when the picture was taken.*

ONE OF THE THIRD PRIZES, PHOTOGRAPHIC DIVISION.

high adventure. These men knew the sights of Calcutta, Bombay and Hongkong better than those of Boston. They were more familiar with the China seas and the Indian Ocean than with the lakes of their Cape Cod villages.

Today, their splendid ships, the "Red Jacket," the "Wild Hunter," the "Chariot of Fame" live only in priceless paintings that hang in Cape Cod homes and New England museums.

*"They mark our passage as a race of men,*
*Earth will not see such things as these again."*

Fortunately the adventures these ships and their Masters shared together did not perish with them. Here are a few handed down in Cape Cod families:

## *A Battle with Savages*

As a boy I used to listen to the stories told to each other by Captains Zenas Marston, Frederick Lovell and my Great Uncle Captain Sylvanus Simmons, as they were seated in our kitchen at Hyannisport. One of these I remember clearly.

It seems that Captain Sylvanus Simmons had sailed homeward bound from some Australian port. Near one of the South Sea Islands his ship was becalmed. This was bad, but in a short time they noticed boats setting out from the shore filled with natives. Captain Simmons watched them closely and soon saw that they showed strong evidence of hostile intentions.

He immediately ordered as much water to be heated as could be secured. As the savages arrived at the ship, pails of boiling water were poured down on them from the side of the ship. The savages were really ferocious and the battle was hard fought, but after several hours a wind sprang up and aided by this, the ship finally escaped them.

## *Yo! Ho! The Jolly Roger!*

THIS ROUSING tale of a pirate attack was told by the Wellfleet descendant of Captain Samuel Snow of Truro, Cape Cod.

"Grandfather was born in Truro and followed the sea from a boy until he was about fifty-five years of age, being a Captain many years. When sixteen years old, he went as cook to England on a vessel, which was attacked by pirates on the high seas.

"The lookout sighted them and at his cry of 'Pirates' all hands worked desperately to clap on full sail. But ships flying skull and cross-bones at their mastheads were fast ships. Very soon the pirate cannon warned the ship to heave to, which she did. The pirates climbed out of their boats and began to swarm up her side. My grandfather was ordered by the Captain to stand at the rail.

" 'Cookie,' said the Captain, 'they're coming up fast. As soon as you can see the whites of their eyes, you take this big jug and hit them on the head. Work quickly and strike hard.'

"Grandpa was a strong young man and said he obeyed the Captain's order, although he felt as though every hair on his head was standing up straight. But he lifted the jug in the air and when the first pirate showed his head over the rail, carrying a cutlass in his mouth, Grandpa brought the jug down hard and in a minute one pirate was in the sea. Altogether Grandpa knocked three of them to the bottom of the ocean, and shortly after the vessel escaped, without further violence, out to free waters."

## *The Old Man's Story**

CAPE COD harbors in summer are blue and sparkling, filled with yachts and sailboats, and picturesque fishing craft. But in winter, these same harbors are often ice-locked and sometimes ships of the fishing fleet on their way home from the Grand Banks will find themselves frozen

fast, in sight of land, but prisoners nevertheless, for the ice is jagged and filled with fissures and even the bravest men hesitate to defy it. It is then heroes are born of the deeds achieved in such ice-locked harbors. The following story is about such a pack and the men who defied it, as told by one of them:

"I used to hear my grandfather tell of the bay being froze over, not a drop of water in sight, and I didn't believe it. But I saw it myself in March, 1872. The harbor was frozen over and three schooners from Boston, the 'Ferrian,' the 'Eva V,' and the 'Vanta,' a brand new ship, were caught in the ice three miles from shore.

"Sixteen of the men from these ships started to walk ashore on the ice and a score of men from Sandwich went out to meet them. The bay ice had broken up once and the jagged cakes piled together in heaps and froze again. We had to climb up and down these big blocks of ice and so we were all tied together with ropes, Alpine fashion, so if one man went into a hole we could pull him out.

"The trip was made in safety and we took the men when we met them, back to the Town Harbor Landing where they were cared for in the Wing house. They told us there were four men left on one schooner who were waiting to see if the first party reached shore safely before setting out themselves.

"I was a young man then and I called for volunteers to go out with me for those other men. Kimball Chipman and Bill Swift responded. So we started off for the ship. About a mile out we heard someone calling and found Niles—who was trying to tole* the men in. It was getting dark and there was danger of losing our bearings clambering over the uneven ice, so we told him to stay where he was to guide us back, while we trudged on, never knowing when the ice would cave in. Later we came to a man from one of the boats who had started out for land, and had finally given himself up for lost, not knowing which way to turn.

"When we finally reached the schooner, the captain of the "Vanta" refused to leave his boat, which was brand new, as I said. There was a sick man, whom we had no means of carrying, and a third man who was afraid to make the venture.

"We started back with the only man we could persuade to go—a little

*Hundreds of little bays, gay with boats, break the shore line of Cape Cod's three hundred and sixty miles of beaches. Large harbors are found at Woods Hole, Chatham and Provincetown.*

short man he was. He was about exhausted, and it was tough work getting over the rough ice, but with the men posted to call to us we finally made shore. We had to take our man to Niles' house as the Wing house was full of those first rescued, and we carried him most of the way. It was now 2 a.m. Niles' wife insisted that we have something hot right away, and that sounded pretty good to men who had been frozen all night and been through what we had, but I knew our wives would be worried about us, so we decided to cover the two miles home before eating.

"Well, to make it brief, we hadn't gone but a quarter mile when Bill Swift gave out and we had to carry him home between us. Kimball was getting along in years and I knew the evening had been hard for him so I went along with him after that, and it was lucky I did, for he keeled over in a few minutes, and if I hadn't been there, that would have been the end of Kimball Chipman. I don't know how I did it, but I managed to carry him on my back to his door. Then I hiked for home"—"and wasn't your wife glad to see you though?", broke in a listener.

"Well," said the old man slowly, "they wasn't expecting me at all. My wife was there with our six months' baby and the house was full of neighbors. Some one had heard about the ice caving in at Town Harbor when the first rescue party got in, and had sent word to my wife that I, with a dozen others, had been lost when the ice gave away."

There was a moment's silence. "What happened to the Captain and the other men on the boat, did they ever get ashore?", the old man was asked.

"No, the ice stove in the boats the next morning. All three schooners sank and the captain, the sick man, and the man who didn't dare, all went down and were lost."

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Editor's Note: Title and language, as in the other stories exactly as submitted.
*"Tole" is old Cape dialect used by "The Old Man" to signify "lure."

## *Oil on the Waters*

THIS is a true story told me by my father, Willis L. Case of Barnstable, captain of the four-masted schooner "Independent," built in the early nineties by my uncle, William T. Donnell, of Bath, Maine, one of Bath's well-known shipbuilders.

My father was what is known in sea parlance as a "coasting captain," which means that most of his voyages were made between home, instead of foreign ports.

On one of these voyages, loaded with coal for Boston, he was blown far off his course by a severe storm, and, in still uncertain weather, was beating up the coast far from any port. It was reported to him by the mate, John L. Garland of Provincetown, that the supply of oil was very low, only enough, perhaps, to carry them through the night. Of course, the starboard and port lights in the rigging and the light in the compass box were absolute necessities, and the lamps were filled and placed as usual. All on board wondered what would happen on the following night with no running lights in the rigging. They might be able to eke out the compass light with oil from a cabin lamp.

*How whaling looked to a youthful member of the whaler "Minerva," who in* 1858 *drew this scene on the back of a letter, which he sent to a Cape Cod friend at home. Things were not so good on the whaler. "January* 1, 1858," *he wrote, "and what will* 1858 *bring to some thirty-five poor mortals on board the "Minerva"?*

All night the vessel pitched and tossed, groaned and creaked, wallowed in the trough of one wave and mounted the crest of the next. Just before

dawn the waters were calmer and when the sun came up, the astonished crew found they were in the midst of an oily sea with barrels of oil floating all about them. It took only a few minutes to lower the boats and salvage a supply of oil more than sufficient to complete the voyage.

My father believed that some vessel or steamer in the heavy seas of the night had lost her deck load of oil, and he was deeply grateful that his needs were thus supplied.

*Third Prize, Division of Anecdotes.*

## *An Official Letter**

SANDWICH, 16th Dec. 1825: Dear Sir by the request of Capt. Benjamin Fuller of this place I take my pen to inform you of the wreck of the Schooner "Huntress" of Nantucket and loss of her crew. It appears she came on shore during the extreme cold of the 13th although she was not discovered until the 15th when she was found by Benjamin Fuller and awful to relate three of her crew dead on the deck. She came on shore at a place called Scorton Neck near the lines between Sandwich and Barnstable. She was laden with lumber and lime. She is a complete wreck both masts gone by the deck, and the masts, sails and rigging hanging to the side and buried in the sand. Captain Fuller is now engaged in saving the property, the deck load is mostly off and washed along the Beach. It will be secured, however, by tomorrow night if the weather is favorable. As he has been informed you are the Owner he wishes you to come or send an Agent immediately. There was a small trunk found containing the vessel's Papers Endorsed to Benjamin Homer as he was well known in this place, the others were not known, and it is supposed there were others (which are missing) which constituted the crew. All that were found were disposed of by a Jury of (word torn out). The friends of Capt. Homer have been informed by express. Any further particulars at this time would be needless.

**Extract from Journal of Zenas Nye, Third Prize, Historical Division.*

# ANCIENT ROOFTREES

## *The Peddler Who Bought a Town*

THE enchanting villages of Cape Cod! From roads of tall pine trees and vistas of meadows and creeks winding to the ocean, you see green and white Colonial mansions, with exquisite fan-light doorways. Grey shingled Cape Cod cottages with blue or yellow shutters and flagged walks leading to doors set with authentic bull's eye glass, all set demurely behind white

*A Cape Cod home in Falmouth, with a Ship's Bottom roof, sometimes known as a Rainbow roof, built by the old Cape Cod sea captains on the principle that if bowed timbers added strength to the hull of a vessel they also would strengthen the roof of a house. Such structures are very rare today. The Rainbow roof was similar in type except that it had a greater curve and smaller beams.*

picket fences covered with wild roses. Over quaint ship's roofs and rainbow roofs, arch magnificent wine-glass elms. Behind every house is an old-fashioned garden of pink hollyhocks, blue larkspur and always the Cape Cod roses, with the bright sea inevitably in the background.

In every village are the beautiful Cape Cod houses and all have histories.

*"There's a fragrance hangs within a house that's old,*
*A subtle fragrance that through years will hold*
*The life of people . . ."*

and while we cannot tell all the stories, the tale of the gracious old Seth Pope homestead in Sandwich is one of the most unique.

Seth the Peddler in 1669 was ordered to depart from the town of Sandwich lest he might become a public charge upon the town. On leaving he made the boast that he would return and "buy up the town."

He made good this threat. In 1699 he came back and purchased nearly all the land in the village, including land on which he built two houses giving one each to his sons Seth and John.

He then departed again, saying that he "would not live in the damn town." His sons, however, remained there permanently, establishing the two branches of the Pope family in Sandwich.

Seth Pope's house ultimately passed into the hands of the Russell family. Still standing, a monument to Seth, the Pedlar, in the 235 years of its existence this house has never belonged to anyone but a Pope or a Russell.

Serene and beautiful with its low-studded rooms, massive hand-hewn center beams, angulated stairway and hand-carved mantels, the Pope home is filled with many relics of by-gone days. Within its old walls is beautiful hand-carved furniture, rare old china and Sandwich glass. In the dining room is a pewter platter, 235 years old, which belonged to Mary Starbuck, the first white child born on the island of Nantucket. This has come down through seven generations to Ethel and Hubert Wood, her descendants, the present owners of the house. In one of the bedrooms is a "bleeder," with its little knives, tiny pump and cups to receive the blood. This was the universal remedy for all ills in olden times.

In an antiquated secretary are letters written before the Revolution,

folded, addressed, and sealed after the manner of that day, before envelopes came into use. Many are directed to Hephzibah Wing. One is dated "Ye 9 mo. Ye 15 d. 1762."

Old documents in the desk reveal the Quaker attitude towards bearing arms:

*"May 9, 1777, received of Paul Wing five pounds lawful money, being his fine for refusing to serve as one of the constables for the town of Sandwich for the year 1777.*

*Joseph Nye*
*One of the Selectmen."*

Seth the Peddler had very distinguished ancestors. He traced his line to the "Domesday Book" of William the Conqueror from a Pope who came to England with him. Another Pope, a great scholar and owner of vast estates, gave the land for Christ College at Oxford.

# QUAINT CAPE CHARACTERS

## *"Dear Aunt Katy Sears"*

IN 1845 "Dear Aunt Katy Sears" decided to have her portrait painted. So she put on her best black silk dress and her daintiest lace collar, brought her by her captain brother-in-law from China. She tied on a white bonnet with fluted edges and tripped smilingly down stairs to sit for Jeremiah Pearson Hardy, famous artist.

*"Dear Aunt Katy Sears" from a painting made in* 1845 *of Miss Catherine Sears of Harwich, Cape Cod. The painting is owned by Mrs. C. A. Eckstorm of Evanston, Ill., "Aunt Katy's" great-great niece.*

FIRST PRIZE, PHOTOGRAPHIC DIVISION.

"Dear Aunt Katy," a descendant of Governor Bradford's wife, lived at Harwich, Cape Cod, with her sister who was married to a sea captain. According to letters in the possession of her family, Aunt Katy was a dear little person, active about the house, friendly in the village, ever ready to care for the sick or assist a neighbor. She was born in 1777 and died in 1849.

She was adored by seven little grand-nieces, who all wanted to sleep with her at night, but she used to say "too many little legs." She taught them to sew, knit and read, and amused them with her stories.

On the back of her portrait is a verse by Robert Louis Stevenson, placed there by her great nieces to show their affection:

*"Dearest of aunts, not only I*
*But all your other nurslings cry:*
*What did other children do*
*And what were childhood wanting you?"*

## *"Uncle 'Riah"*

"UNCLE 'RIAH" was an old time sea captain, greatly loved throughout Cape Cod. After he retired from the sea, he lived very happily in his grey shingled house nestled in the hollow of the hills, and surrounded by orchards and gardens.

The house was five miles from the main highway but that did not mean that "Uncle 'Riah" was ever lonely. He sold thirteen eggs for a dozen, milk for five cents a quart with the cream stirred in, and his measures were heaped and running over, with no small potatoes or apples at the bottom. So the neighbors made a beaten path to the lilacs of his kitchen door.

*"Uncle 'Riah," Captain Uriah Rogers of South Orleans, Mass., an old deep-sea captain, greatly loved throughout Cape Cod.*
SECOND PRIZE, PHOTOGRAPHIC DIVISION.

It was not only his generous measures that brought them. "Uncle 'Riah" was always ready for a little chat, and they loved to listen to his stories of the sea. He used to say he "didn't go in much for religion," but "alwus kep the Sabba day holy." By this he meant that only necessary chores were done and that there was no bartering on Sunday.

Many years have gone since "Uncle 'Riah" lived with his good wife in this old homestead but his kindly old face and toilworn hands are a gentle reminder of old Cape Cod days and ways.

## *Barney Gould of Cape Cod*

BARNEY GOULD was an amusing and interesting character known to most Cape people of the past two generations. His hobby was taking extremely long walks. He had the singular idea that the roads belonged to him and, as he walked, he would ask everyone he met for five and ten-cent pieces for what he called his "Road Tax."

"Once," writes a Cape man, "he hit me up for two cents road tax. I didn't have any coppers so I gave him a dime. He told me that now my road tax was paid for the next five years!"

The collection of taxes was not the only practical use to which Barney put his walks. He often carried bundles from one place to another for a nominal sum. This business he advertised by a sign on his hat that read: "Gould's Express."

## *The Lake of the Golden Cross*

TODAY it is known as Long Pond in Falmouth, and is one of the loveliest of the Cape's hundreds of lakes. Many years ago, a Viking boy and a beautiful Indian girl named Lueka fell in love. They were accustomed to meet by this lake until one day the boy told his sweetheart that he had to go away to war.

Lueka wept bitterly and the boy gave her a golden cross on a slender chain, swearing he would return before the fall months. More than a year passed and every day Lueka went to the lake hoping to see her lover. She drooped and faded and finally died from grief. The night before she died, however, she went once more to the lake and hung her golden cross on the branch of a tree.

Not long afterward, the boy returned, having been injured and thus detained. When he went to their trysting place, saw the cross and learned what had happened, he was so overcome with sorrow that he threw himself into the lake.

# ANECDOTES

## *The Pickled Baby*

THE CAPE is a strange land and its legends and anecdotes as unique as the place itself. So anything you may hear is likely to be true, including the legend of the pickled baby.

There was once a captain's wife named Lydia Russell Crocker, who, while her husband sailed the seas, gave birth to a child. The baby died a month or two later. Desiring that the captain should see his offspring, Lydia put the baby in alcohol and kept it until her husband returned from a three-year voyage.

For thirty years thereafter the pickled baby reposed in a jar on a closet shelf and, when Lydia died, was buried with her.

*Third Prize, Division on Anecdotes.*

## *The Eastham Mouse*

THIS story was told my mother-in-law, Mary E. Cole, born in 1835 in Eastham, Massachusetts, by her grandmother Knowles, who told it as a true story. I asked her to write it out for me just as she remembered it:

The wife of a Captain Knowles, in the early days of the town, liked to go about with him much more than he cared to have her. One day he was to take a rather long trip and his wife begged to go with him. The Captain refused, and left the house without his young wife. She was determined to accompany him, so she turned herself into a little mouse and followed him out of the house. He noticed the mouse, which seemed to be following him, and killed it with his whip.

When he returned to his home, Captain Knowles found his wife dead on the floor with the mark of a whip across her face.

*Second Prize, Division on Anecdotes.*

## *President Cleveland's Fish Story*

Among the distinguished people who have appreciated the charms of Cape Cod, were Grover Cleveland and his close friend Joseph Jefferson, the famous actor.

They loved the old Cape towns, enjoyed contact with Cape Cod people, and together revelled in their favorite pastime—fishing the Cape Cod streams.

The morning after the birth on Cape Cod of President Cleveland's son, Richard, Mr. Jefferson called upon the President to offer his congratulations.

Approaching Mr. Cleveland, the veteran actor extended his hand and asked, "How much did the boy weigh, Mr. President?"

"Fifteen pounds," answered Mr. Cleveland.

Dr. Bryant, the Cleveland family physician, who was present, interrupted to say, "You are in error, Mr. President. The boy weighed ten pounds."

*Captain Albert A. Gardner, an old Cape Cod sea captain.*

Mr. Cleveland replied, "Doctor, the boy weighed fifteen pounds—I weighed him myself on the scales that Jo and I use when we go fishing."

## *Directory of* RECOMMENDED HOTELS *and* INNS‡

### BARNSTABLE

BARNSTABLE INN
*30 Rooms, Daily $5 to $7*
*Weekly $25 to $37.50*

CAP'N GREY'S (AE)
*6 Rooms, Daily $8 to $10*
*Weekly $48 to $60*

### BOURNE

GRAY GABLES INN AND COTTAGES
*12 Rooms, Daily $5 to $7*
*Weekly $25 to $45*

### BREWSTER

*CONSODINE HOUSE
*20 Rooms, Daily $5*
*Weekly—apply*

HIGH BREWSTER
*7 Rooms, Daily $4.50*
*Weekly—apply*

### CHATHAM

CHATHAM BARS INN AND COTTAGES
*138 Rooms, Daily $7 to $12*
*Weekly—apply*

HAWES HOUSE
*32 Rooms, Daily $4*
*Weekly $20 to $25*

HAWTHORNE INN
*38 Rooms, Daily $5 to $7*
*Weekly $30 up*

HOTEL MATTAQUASON AND COTTAGES
*75 Rooms, Daily $5 up*
*Weekly $30 up*

HOTEL SURFSIDE
*40 Rooms, Daily $4*
*Weekly $18 to $25*

WAY SIDE INN (E)
*16 Rooms, Daily $1.75 to $4*
*Weekly—apply*

### CHATHAM, NORTH

OLD HARBOR INN
*Daily $4*
*Weekly $20*

### COTUIT

*COTUIT INN
*35 Rooms, Daily $4 to $8*
*Weekly $25 to $50*

THE PINES AND COTTAGES
*70 Rooms, Daily $4.50 to $8*
*Weekly $30 to $55*

### CRAIGVILLE

CHIQUAQUETT INN
*40 Rooms, Daily $4 to $6*
*Weekly $23.50 to $32.50*

CRAIGVILLE INN
*40 Rooms, Daily $4 to $6*
*Weekly $23.50 to $32.50*

### DENNIS

*THE WILLOWS
*17 Rooms, Daily $4 to $5*
*Weekly $22 to $30*

### FALMOUTH

*ELM ARCH INN
*18 Rooms, Daily $4.50 up*
*Weekly $22 up*

### FALMOUTH HEIGHTS

TERRACE GABLES AND COTTAGES
*125 Rooms, Daily $6 up*
*Weekly $42 up*

### HARWICHPORT

*THE MELROSE
*40 Rooms, Daily $4 up*
*Weekly $28 up*

*SNOW INN
*68 Rooms, Daily $6 up*
*Weekly—apply*

### HYANNIS

THE COFFEE HOUSE (E)
*35 Rooms, Daily $2.50 up*
*Weekly $14 up*

EAGLESTON INN (E)
*20 Rooms, Daily $4 to $6*
*Weekly—apply*

HYANNIS ARMS (E)
*36 Rooms, Daily $2.50 up*
*Weekly—apply*

*HYANNIS INN (E)
*35 Rooms, Daily $2.50 to $4*
*Weekly—apply*

LEWIS BAY LODGE
*30 Rooms, Daily $4 to $7*
*Weekly $25 to $45*

MAYFLOWER HOTEL
*70 Rooms, Daily $4 up*
*Weekly $25 up*

## HYANNISPORT

THE GABLES AND COTTAGES
*60 Rooms, Daily $6 to $10*
*Weekly—same*

## MONUMENT BEACH

HOTEL NORCROSS
*75 Rooms*
*Weekly $25 to $35*

## ORLEANS

EAGLE WING INN
*40 Rooms, Daily $5 to $7*
*Weekly $32 to $42*

SOUTHWARD INN (AE)
*16 Rooms, Daily $1 to $3 (E)*
*$4 to $5 (A)*

## OSTERVILLE

EAST BAY LODGE
*60 Rooms, Daily $6 up*
*Weekly $42 up*

## OYSTER HARBORS, OSTERVILLE

OYSTER HARBORS CLUB HOTEL
*60 Rooms—apply for rates*

## PROVINCETOWN

GIFFORD HOUSE
*42 Rooms, Daily $5 up*
*Weekly $25 to $40*

NEW CENTRAL HOUSE
*41 Rooms, Daily $5 and up*
*Weekly $25 to $42 Single*
*$45 to $70 Double*

RED INN
*10 Rooms, Daily $7 to $9*
*Weekly—same*

## SANDWICH, EAST

*OCEANSIDE INN AND CABINS (AE)
*18 Rooms, Daily $4*
*Weekly $22.50 up*

## WELLFLEET

HOLDEN INN AND CABINS
*25 Rooms, Daily $4 up*
*Weekly $20 up*

## WOODS HOLE

THE BREAKWATER HOTEL
*40 Rooms, Daily $5 up*
*Weekly $28 up*

## YARMOUTH, WEST

HOTEL ENGLEWOOD AND COTTAGES
*72 Rooms, Daily $5 to $8*
*Weekly—apply*

LEGEND: *Open all year. (AE) American and European Plan.
Unless otherwise indicated the above rates are American Plan.
‡All of these places are near splendid beaches and golf courses. Many hotels, both large and small, have own beaches and own golf courses.

## *Directory of* RECOMMENDED ROOMS, CAMPS *and* CABINS

BUZZARDS BAY

GRAY OAKS AT GRAY GABLES
*Daily $1.25 and up*
*Weekly—apply*

CHATHAM

CHATHAM CHAMBERS
*Daily $2*
*Weekly $8*

*CHASE HOUSE
*Daily $1 and up*
*Weekly $9 and up*

MAYFLOWER TOURIST CAMPS
*Daily $2 and up*
*Weekly $12 and up for two*

FALMOUTH, NORTH

*THE DIXIE TEA ROOM
*Daily $1.25*
*Weekly $8*

FALMOUTH, EAST

KENYON'S CAMPS
*Daily $1*
*Weekly—apply*

FALMOUTH, WEST

LANDERS HOME
*Daily $2 and up*
*Weekly $12.50 and up*

HARWICHPORT

THE HOUSE BY THE SIDE OF THE ROAD
*Daily—apply*
*Weekly—apply*

KEMAH LODGE
*Daily $2 and up*
*Weekly $12 and up*

HYANNIS

HYANNIS CHAMBERS
*Daily $4 and up for two*
*Weekly $20 and $25 for two*

MRS. SETH R. NICKERSON
*Daily $1.25 and up*
*Weekly $10 and up*

MRS. HERBERT L. THOMAS
*Daily $3, for two $5*
*Weekly $18, for two $25*

ORLEANS

*THE COVE COMFORT
*Daily $1 and $2.50*
*Weekly $10 and up*

SANDWICH, EAST

OCEANSIDE INN AND CABINS

WELLFLEET

HOLDEN INN AND CABINS

LEGEND: *Meals served additional.

## *Directory of* RECOMMENDED REAL ESTATE FIRMS LEASING *and* SELLING CAPE COD HOMES, COTTAGES, *and* LAND

BARNSTABLE

CLARENCE BANGS
GEORGE COBB (*Shore Lots*)

BREWSTER

FRANK CLEVERLY

BREWSTER, EAST

GILBERT E. ELLIS

CATAUMET

SCRAGGY NECK CO.
F. A. EUSTIS

CENTERVILLE

SAMUEL T. STEWART

## *Directory of* RECOMMENDED REAL ESTATE FIRMS LEASING *and* SELLING CAPE COD HOMES, COTTAGES, *and* LAND—*Continued*

CHATHAM
- James Grosvenor Pettit
- Roland B. Snow, *Realtor*
- Mrs. Harold Tuttle
  (*Shore Lots*)

COTUIT
- Ask Mr. Fowler
- Charles L. Gifford

DENNISPORT
- Louis A. Byrne

FALMOUTH
- John F. Ferreira
- Roswell F. Gifford
- Kathryn Swift Greene
- Charles A. Jordan
- Frederick T. Lawrence
- Charles E. Morrison
- Paul A. Peters
- Racing Beach Development,
  *Oyster Pond and Racing Beach Highlands Waterfront Land*
- Mrs. Annie R. Whittemore
- Charles R. Stowers

FALMOUTH, NORTH
- Megansett Shores Corp.

HYANNIS
- Hyannis Trust Co.
- George H. Mellen, jr.
- James A. Woodward

ORLEANS
- Joseph L. Rogers

OSTERVILLE
- Harriett M. Alleman
- Daniel, Goodspeed & Co., Inc.
- Walter I. Fuller

OYSTER HARBORS, OSTERVILLE
- Forris W. Norris

PROVINCETOWN
- John A. Francis

SANDWICH
- H. L. Chipman Agency,
  *Realtor*

YARMOUTH, SOUTH
- Robert W. Woodruff

WOODS HOLE
- Walter O. Luscombe

BOSTON
- John H. Johnson
  Johnson Securities Co.
  531 Park Square Building
- Investors Mortgage Corp.
  18 Tremont Street, Suite 815
- Forris W. Norris
  31 Milk Street

*Owners with Cottages for Lease and Sale*

BARNSTABLE
- George Cobb

BREWSTER, EAST
- Gilbert E. Ellis
- Frank T. Hopkins

CENTERVILLE
- George C. Backus

CRAIGVILLE
- Herbert L. Stone

HYANNIS
- L. Frank Paine

TRURO
- Mrs. Lena Greenleaf Walke
  Longnook Beach

Furnished Cape Cod cottages, summer homes, and waterfront estates leased on monthly basis or for season. Rentals from $150 a month. Many cottages connected with hotels, also camps and cabins and some furnished houses leased for two week periods.

This Booklet contains only a part of the material submitted. If you would be interested in having us publish a second edition, will you please write us?

The Cape Cod Chamber of Commerce desires to thank the interested people both on and outside of the Cape who made available most of the material in this booklet.

The Contest Judges included

Mr. William Reade Hersey—*Cape Cod Author*

Mrs. Ora Hinckley — *Librarian, Hyannis Library, Hyannis, Mass.*

Mr. Herbert H. Howes—*President, State Teacher's College, Hyannis, Mass.*

Miss Constance Nelson—*Research Editor*

*Cape Cod, far from the heat and noise of cities, is nevertheless easily reached from all parts of the country. From Boston, three trains a day reach the center of the Cape in two hours. *Steamships connect with trains and bus lines at Fall River, New Bedford, Providence and Woods Hole.*

*Steamships, via Eastern Steamship Co., daily from New York to Boston and from Boston to New York, leaving at each point at 5 P.M., E.D.T., arriving 8 A.M., E.D.T.*

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**Regular air line service from all centers to Boston with direct connections, via charter service, Cape Cod Seaplanes, Inc., of North Falmouth, to any point on the Cape. *U. S. Highways 28 and 3 out of Boston along North and South shores of the Cape.*

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